

THE
Mirror of the Stage;
OR,
NEW DRAMATIC CENSOR.

—*—
" To hold, as 'twere, the mirror up to nature;
'To show virtue her own feature; scorn her own image;
And the very age and body o' the times its form and pressure."

No. 6.] MONDAY, Oct. 21st, 1822. [Vol. I.

MEMOIR OF MISS A. M. TREE.

IF Personal charms and elegant accomplishments could influence our judgment, we know of no one so likely to make our reason subservient to our passions, as the fair object of our memoir; but as we have a higher duty to perform, we shall endeavour, if possible, to forget this young lady's good looks, and speak of her only as an actress and a singer.

Miss Anna Maria Tree was born in Norfolk Street, Mary-labone, in the month of August, 1803. Her parents are of the highest respectability; her father holding a situation of trust in one of the government offices. At the age of fourteen, Miss Tree having displayed some indication of vocal talent, she was placed under the care of the celebrated Lanza, a gentleman to whose able tuition the stage is indebted for some of its brightest ornaments.

Having continued for some time with Mr. Lanza, she was introduced in the year 1817 to the proprietors of the Italian Opera House, where she received great kindness from Madame Fodor, at that time the prima donna of the operatic establishment.

Soon after this period she became acquainted with Mr. T. Cooke, of Drury Lane, whose musical knowledge and correct taste quickly discovered in his youthful friend the brightest hopes of future excellence. Cheered by his friendly encouragement, Miss Tree was, after a little preparation, taken to Bath, at which place she made her first appearance in some subordinate character in opera; but such was the taste and skill she displayed even in this trifling part, that the manager was induced to announce her for *Polly*, in the "*Beggar's Opera*:" in this delightful character, she fully realized the expectations of the manager and her friends, and she experienced a highly flattering reception, from as fashionable an audience as ever graced the inside of a theatre.

By the way, we happen to have a friend, a musical man, (for whose judgment we have the greatest veneration) who informs us he was present on the above occasion; and though, he says, he has seen all the singers for the last twenty years, he never saw a more delightful representation of the character than Miss Tree.

We trust, however, our readers will pardon this digression, but we could not resist the temptation of having our opinion of this young lady confirmed by so good an authority.

With the Bath manager, Miss Tree continued playing all the principal operatic characters, until the close of the season 1818, when her master, Mr. T. Cooke, was offered an engagement for her at Covent Garden theatre. Knowing the advantages of an introduction to the metropolitan boards, Mr. Cooke gladly embraced for his fair pupil an offer so alluring, and Miss Tree made her debut in the character of *Rosina*, in the "*Barber of Seville*;" and when the difficulty of executing the sweet airs of this opera is taken into consideration, it is highly creditable to any singer to make the slightest impression:—our debutante, however, did more—she delighted the audience, who rewarded her efforts by loud and continued applause.

From the favor she received on her first appearance, Mr. Harris was induced to announce her for several other principal characters, and she played with equal success, *Patty*, in the "*Maid of the Mill*," *Lucy Bertram*, in "*Guy Mannering*," and *Susanna*, in the "*Marriage of Figaro*."

On the return of Miss Stephens to the theatre, the subject of our memoir was compelled to yield up the chief parts in opera, and play second to her great opponent. Mr. Harris, however, with laudable zeal, sought every opportunity of gratifying the wish of the public, by introducing both the ladies in musical plays; for which purpose, Shakspeare's "*Comedy of Errors*" was revived, interspersed with songs, taken from his sonnets, &c. Those who had the pleasure of witnessing the performance of this piece, will we are sure join us in opinion, that there never was a duet executed with more sweetness, taste and feeling, than the one of "*Tell me where is fancy bred*," by these two ladies; for our own parts, (and where music is the theme we are dotards) we could have listened to it for ever.

In the character of *Ophelia*, in "*Hamlet*," Miss Tree displayed as much excellence as an actress, as judgment and sweetness as a singer: this beautiful creature of the immortal bard never had a more interesting delineator.

But the grand triumph of Miss Tree was reserved for the revival of the "*Two gentlemen of Verona*." In the character of *Julia*, (which our artist has so faithfully copied in the engraving that embellishes our present number) she was all that the best judges of histrionic talent could desire. We should perhaps be

considered too particular, were we to say what we thought of her personation of the love-sick maiden; in the praise which contemporary critics have bestowed upon her we most cordially join, for she did in our estimation as nearly approach to perfection as human efforts will admit of.

In the "*Love of Juba*," she likewise had an opportunity of displaying her command over the dearest feelings of the soul; by her just delineation of the fond and doting wife; the beautiful scene between her and Young was never surpassed on the stage for pathetic acting.

But with all our partiality for this young lady, we cannot be so blind to the merits of Misses Stephens and Paton, to assert for one moment, that she is by any means equal to either of them as a singer, but as an actress she is decidedly superior to both.

In person, our fair heroine may challenge comparison; to an interesting and expressive countenance she combines a form of the most complete and beautiful symmetry, for in male attire she is acknowledged to be the finest figure on the boards. In her manners she exhibits grace and ease, free from all affectation; and in her speaking there is a melody that makes its way directly to the heart.

In private life she is also every way exemplary; and with this record of our approbation we conclude, with our best wishes to the fair object of our brief memoir.

SHAKESPEARE'S FEMALE CHARACTERS.

No. I.—OPHELIA.

"It was of a strange order, that the doom

"Of these two creatures should be thus traced out,

"Almost like a reality. The one

"To end in madness: both in misery."

Lord Byron's "*Dream*."

"There is no killing, like that which kills the heart."

Shakespeare.

Though all the characters drawn by the immortalizing pencil of Shakespeare bear (as might be expected) evident tokens of his masterly hand, there are few which his fancy has rendered so alluring as that of Ophelia. There is always something in the picture of unsuccessful love extremely touching, when it blasts the prospects of two lovely persons, in the spring of life, nipping the blossom just as it was maturing into the bud, with a cold east wind. The interest which the portrait awakens is founded in the principles of our common nature.

"Homo sum; nihil humani a me alienum puto."

Terence.

The female personages of Shakespeare's plays, are not indeed often brought before the eye of his reader, and the consequence

* "We are all men, and every thing which is human concerns us."

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has perhaps been a less complete developement of their character—Enough however has been shown us of all, to render them very interesting subjects of spectacle in the theatre, and of reflection in her own production, gilding the lovely image, as it flits across the mind, with an unearthly brightness, to which, nothing but stability is wanting to make it heaven. I pity the man, on whom the remembrance of the heart broken Ophelia, does not induce a soothing sorrow, far more interesting and delightful, than the heartless laugh of artificial pleasure.

“Go—you may call it madness—folly.

“You shall not chase my gloom away.

“There’s such a charm in melancholy,

“I would not, if I could, be gay.”

Rogers.

Some of the plays of our immortal bard, (Hamlet among the rest) have been considerably mutilated, and (by a natural consequence) disfigured, in their preparation for stage exhibition, for the purposes of which they were originally too long. It has happened fortunately however, that the parts of this play which relate to Ophelia, have been peculiarly respected by the emendator.

The character in which Ophelia is first introduced to us, is that of love: and this is as it should be. It is the most interesting to the majority of mankind, and is that which draws forth most of our sympathy. It is indeed her distinguishing trait, as it is usually found to be, where fine sensibility is united with youth. It is the most beautiful, and therefore the most happily selected.

In her first interview with her brother, she displays at once her affection for him, her archness, her simplicity, and her obedience to her father. She shows her confidence in her lover’s truth, amidst all the insinuations respecting their difference of station; she is conscious that she loves, and is beloved, and “forty thousand brothers could not, with all their quantity of love, make up the sum. Her love does not acknowledge such slight differences to be obstacles; it laughs in imagination at opposition which it can scarcely surmount in the reality. Notwithstanding the crafty representations of her father, she will still believe him true; her heart most willingly credits that which is most agreeable to its wishes; she sees every thing in the bright colours of innocence and truth, and transfers to them her own loveliness. Who can behold such a picture, and not be conscious of something of that warmth of feeling which proclaims “his heart can never all grow old.”

“Oh! that the desert were my dwelling place,

“With one such spirit for my minister;

“That I might all forget the human race,

“And, hating no one, love but only her.”

Lord Byron’s “Childe Harold.”

Another distinguishing characteristic, which marks this beautiful child of Shakspeare’s imagination, is an ardent love of her father. This may be gathered from her willing obedience to him,

even in matters where the heart is concerned, and in which many females think it a merit to be obstinate; but it may be learnt yet more from her madness, which was not feigned, like her lover's. It is the well known characteristic of that awful condition, to entwine with all the thoughts and occurrences that have relation to its unfortunate subject, one only idea, which is almost ever present to the mind. This idea seems, in the case of Ophelia, to have been principally that of her murdered father: witness those beautiful exclamations—

"I cannot choose but weep, to think they should lay him i' the cold ground."

and again—
"They bore him bare-fac'd on the bier,"

And in his grave rain'd many a tear."

And lastly:

"I would give you some violets, but they withered all when my father died."

"This" (says Oxberry) "this is indeed pathos, pathos that flushes the cheek and makes the eye grow dim, whenever it is read, though it may have been read a thousand times before." The filial fondness which it exhibits, is one of the most delightful features of this interesting character, on which the eye of the reader can fix.

It does not appear quite clear, to what source we are to attribute the madness of Ophelia. From the circumstances noticed above, we might be induced to refer it to the death of her father; but on the other hand, we find her brother imputing it to Hamlet, and herself, in her first mad-scene, dwelling much upon the idea of her supposed distracted lover. Either event was sufficiently agonizing, but both together were too much for her tender heart—and her raving is completely free from rant, and at the same time exquisitely natural.

Whether, or not, then, it arose immediately from the death of her father, certain it is, that, mediately or immediately, it was attributable to her unfortunate love for Hamlet, because, to this cause, the death of her father may be itself referred. Here therefore is another added to the list of those who have fallen a sacrifice to a parent's policy, for as such I cannot but regard all the circumstances which led to the death of Polonius, and the consequent lunacy of his daughter. Oh! that the time were returned, when as in our lost simplicity, love and not paltry wealth was the motive of marriage, and the union of hands constantly followed the union of hearts!—When will the men of the world learn, that the happiness of their children ought to be far dearer to them than their property? What is the loss of a little sum of earth's gold, which may be repaired by industry, compared with the decline of health and peace, and the sight of a beloved child, whose flushed cheek smiling in bitterness, shows that death has marked her for his prey, whose sunken eye and downcast air proclaim, that, all that once was lovely and calm within, is darkly tinged with the bitter remembrance of happiness for ever past, when every tint of colour on that cheek, and every glance of that still sparkling eye bespeak the dreadful ravages of a broken heart.

Ye, who laugh at the very name of love; nor ever think of its existence, but with ridicule, who deny its power because you never felt it, who know neither the thrilling madness of its joy; nor the agonizing bitterness of its disappointments; nor felt what it is to be flung upon a pitiless world, with a heart become a wilderness through that corroding solitariness of soul, that follows unhappy affection—listen to the ravings of Ophelia; and be sceptics if ye can. And ye, lovely but pitiable objects, blessed with too much sensibility for the cool calculating policy of the hard-hearted men of this iron age, whose youthful minds are yet untought in the accursed wiles of coquetry, who account all mankind like yourselves, the offspring and the worshippers of the pure simplicity of innocence; look to the drowning Ophelia, that you may avoid the rocks that beset your course. It will tune your minds to a sadness, that may one day be their only feeling, for alas! it is a tale of woe!

“Oh! grief, beyond all other griefs, when fate—”) and

“First leaves the young heart lone and desolate; and all ends in

“In the wide world without that only tie.”

“For which it lov’d to live, or feared to die:

“Lorn as the hung-up lute, which ne’er hath spoken,

“Since the sad day its master chord was broken.”

MOORE’S

Theatrical Diary.

DRURY LANE.

October 16th, School for Scandal, Poor Soldier.—17th, Hamlet, Sleeping Draught.

It was our intention, in presenting to our readers an account of the improvements of this theatre, to have made some few observations upon the late and present management of this splendid edifice, but the press of other matter has prevented our accomplishing the object we had in view; we must therefore defer it to some future opportunity.

The improvements projected by Mr. Elliston are worthy of our commendation, the taste and judgment displayed in the arrangement of all that pertains to magnificence is most judicious, and the theatre is now one of the finest in Europe. The whole extent of the circle forming the audience part, has been lessened at least by six feet, consequently the house is narrower by ten feet; a portion too of four or five feet has been cut away from the stage, and thrown into the pit, by which means the actors are brought considerably nearer to the audience—a very great and decided improvement, for we remember the disadvantages they were under in the old house. The boxes being lessened in depth, the space is thrown into the lobbies, affording to the company greater facility of access to their places. The galleries appear to be commodious and comfortable; behind the

lower one there is a lobby about six feet in breadth. The slips are diminished in number, and instead of running strait out, as in the old house, they now have a diagonal direction; at the back of the slips there is a lobby, which communicates with the other side of the theatre, by which means the company are saved the trouble of descending to the lower circle, if they wish to go to the other side. In the pit there is no material alteration, except that there are backs to some of the seats, an excellent improvement; but we ask by the way, why are not all the seats so?—a trifling more expence would have greatly contributed to the comfort of that part of the house.

The arch of the proscenium is increased twelve feet higher than it was in the late theatre, by which alteration the general beauty of the house is very much improved. The stage doors are removed, and their place supplied by elegant fluted pillars richly gilt, and having beautiful Corinthian capitols; between these pillars are boxes, usually called the managers' boxes. On the circle immediately above the dress one, there are several private, or as the play-bills say, family boxes, similar to those at the Coburg.

The ground tint of the boxes, and the ceiling, is a light salmon colour, or rather what the painters call a blush, tastefully ornamented with gold; the arm cushions are of crimson velvet, and the backs of the boxes are of the same colour. In the front of the dress circle there are paintings, representing some of the scenes in Shakspeare's plays, which would have a good effect if they were more prominent. In short, the whole theatre forms the most magnificent *coup d'œil* that it is possible to conceive an idea of.

The saloon has also undergone very many alterations. In place of the green pillars we have now white ones; the whole has been newly gilt, and there are now looking-glasses in profusion.

The theatre opened on Wednesday night, with the "*School for Scandal*" and the "*Poor Soldier*:" previous to which, Terry delivered the following Address, written by G. Colman, Esq.

Since theatres so oft, in this our time,
Are launch'd upon the town with solemn rhyme,
Thoughts ready-made to fit the theme are found,
Like last year's tunes on barrel organs ground,
And poets furnish, in the bathos style,
Old tropes and figures for the new built pile:
The Sock and Buskin named—the Muses follow;
Then Opera, always prefaced with Apollo;
But Architecture's claims when we enforce,
Vitruvius and Paladio come of course.
Till, after a long dance through Greece and Rome,
To Dryden, Otway, Congreve, getting home,
We end with Shakspeare's Ghost, still hov'ring on our dome,
Alas! how vainly will our modern fry,
Strive with the old leviathans to vie!

How foolishly comparison provoke
 With lines that Johnson writ, and Garrick spoke.
 Abandon we a strain without more fuss,
 Which, when attempted has abandon'd us ;
 And let us guiltless be, however dull,
 Of murdering the sublime and beautiful !
 Thus, then ;—our manager, who scouts the fears
 Of pulling an old house about his ears,
 Has spared, of our late edifice's pride,
 The outward walls, and little else beside ;
 Anxious has been *that* labour to complete
 Which makes magnificence and *comfort* meet ;
 Anxious that multitudes may *sit* at ease,
 And scantier numbers in no desert freeze ;
 That ample space may mark the liberal plan,
 But never strain the eyes or ears of man.
 Look round and judge ; his efforts all are waste
 Unless you stamp them as a work of taste ;
 Nor blame him for transporting from his floors
 Those old offenders here—the two stage doors ;
 Doors which have oft with burnish'd pannels stood,
 And golden knockers glittering in a wood,
 Which on their posts, through every change remain'd
 Fast as Bray's Vicar, whosoever reign'd ;
 That served for palace, cottage, street, or hall,
 Used for each place, and out of place in all ;
 Station'd, like watchmen who in lamplight sit,
 For all their business of the night unfit.
 So much for visual sense ;—what follows next,
 Is chiefly on the histrionic text :
 And our adventurer has toil'd to store
 His list of favorites with some favorites more ;
 Sought planets roving from their former sphere,
 And fix'd, as stars, the brilliant wand'ers here ;
 To Drury's luminaries *added* light,
 And made his sky with constellations bright.
 Rich the repast, and may, we trust, insure
 The custom of the scenic epicure ;
 E'en I, although among the last and least,
 May pass, perhaps, as garnish to the feast.
 As for our living dramatists—if now
 The *genuine* bays disdain to deck their brow,
 Still they can please, and, as they're dull or clever,
 You patronize, or damn, the same as ever ;
 For each degree of talent, after all,
 Must here, by your decision, rise or fall.

The rush at the pit door was tremendous, and the house was filled up to the very ceiling in a few minutes. After the national anthem the play commenced, and the actors were warmly greeted as they appeared, particularly Elliston, who was loudly cheered on his entrance ;—of his *Charles Surface* it is only necessary to say, it was given in his very best style of comic acting. Cooper, as the wily *Joseph*, gave a correct and just portraiture of that hypocrite. Terry, (who made his first appearance on these boards) was the *Sir Peter Teazle*—though this is a character not at all suited to this actor's superior powers, yet he played it respectably. Of Mrs. W. West, in *Lady Teazle*, we can only say that we never desire to see her in the character again ; Mrs. West is

undoubtedly an actress of great merit in most parts, but this is a character entirely out of her line. Harley was very amusing as *Sir Benjamin Backbite*; as was Mrs. Glover as *Mrs. Candour*. We had omitted to say, that Downton, (whose return we are glad to see) played *Sir Oliver Surface* admirably.

In the farce; Madame Vestris, as *Patrick*, sang the beautiful air of "*My friend and pitcher*" very sweetly.

On Thursday, Mr. Young, (who has seceded from Covent Garden) made his first appearance here, as Hamlet. On the entrance of this excellent actor, the pit stood up and loudly cheered him:—of his performance of this character, we have on the whole to express our decided approbation, but there are parts of it which we must take the privilege of saying are very faulty;—we have seen Mr. Young very often in this part, with much greater pleasure than we witnessed his efforts on Thursday evening;—in the first scene, where he replies to his Mother, defending his continued melancholy for his father's death, when he came to the concluding couplet,

"But I have that within which passeth show,—

he stopped suddenly, wiped his eyes, and after a lengthened pause, compleated the speech with

"These but the trappings and the suits of woe."

this is certainly incorrect, the pause was unnecessary, and spoiled the harmony of the speech—again, in his address to the ghost, in the beginning of the speech he was scarcely audible in the third row of the pit, and in the concluding part of it he uttered the words

" Making night hideous, and we fools of nature
So horribly to shake our disposition—"

almost in a tone of defiance—the whole scene that follows was acted in a masterly way, and received the applause it merited.—In the closet scene he was beautifully impressive, and seemed really to "speak daggers" to the horror-struck Queen—on the entrance of the Ghost, his attitude and manner were admirable; the suppressed tone with which he spoke

" Save me and hover o'er me with your wings,
Ye heavenly guards—"

was the very height of excellence.—The celebrated soliloquy, "*To be or not to be*," was very irregularly given; in the first part of it he was too colloquial, and in the latter too hurried—the concluding part of the scene where the play is represented, he displayed great energy, and was much applauded.—The grave scene, the advice to the players, and the dying scene, were all faultless. Before we conclude our notice of Mr. Young, we cannot help regretting that he was betrayed into the silly vanity of having his cloak tied with gold strings and tassels, which hung down below his knees—this is ridiculous, and Mr. Young should be above such folly; it is in complete opposition to the nature of the character.—Madame Vestris played the part of *Ophelia* very

prettily, and sang the little airs with great feeling. Of Terry's *Polonius*, we can only say he was respectable. Cooper, as the *Ghost*, was not steady enough for the character, he made use of too much action. Mrs Glover played the *Queen* in her usual excellent way. A Mr. King, from the Dublin theatre, made his first appearance as *Horatio*: it is not a part calculated to call forth the genius of an actor, but he played it very well. Of Powell, as the *King*, and Barnard as *Laertes*, we refrain from saying any thing, as we cannot praise either.

"*The Sleeping Draught*" concluded the evening's amusements, in which Harley convulsed the house with laughter by his drollery.

COVENT GARDEN.

October 4th. Clandestine Marriage, Padlock.—5th. Twelfth Night, Juno and Ceres, Forty Thieves.—7th. Hamlet, Cherry and Fair Star.—8th. Jealous Wife, Libertine.—9th. Guy Mannering, Cherry and Fair Star.—10th. Venice Preserved, Divertisement, No Song No Supper.—11th. Two Gentlemen of Verona, A Roland for an Oliver.—12th. Rivals, Forty Thieves.—14th. Rob Roy, Cherry and Fair Star.—15th. Guy Mannering, Miller and his Men.—16th. Jealous Wife, Aladdin.—17th. Venice Preserved, Forty Thieves.

"*Jealous Wife*."—Miss Chester, whose debut was noticed at Drury Lane theatre in the commencement of last season, made her first essay on these boards as *Mrs. Oakley*. From the indifferent and partial approbation which attended her efforts at the other house, we were not altogether prepossessed with respect to any ordinary success on this occasion: we were deceived. Miss Chester has made the most rapid and beneficial advantages in manner and accomplishment possible, and we are further willing to believe that had she taken her *line*, and have had the aid of good performers in the cast, she must have made a favorable impression: but talent will ultimately meet with appreciation, and Miss Chester has at length given us the opportunity: her personation of *Mrs. Oakley* was remarkably chaste and genuine, and was received throughout with the greatest applause. Bartley, as *Major Oakley*, created general satisfaction. The other characters were good.

"*Guy Mannering*"—Mr. Pearman, from the English Opera; came out this evening as *Henry Bertram*. Our readers are already in possession of his qualifications as a singer, and ability as an actor: his present reception was very flattering, and some of the songs loudly encored—"Scots wha' ha'e" is not in Mr. Pearman's style, it was nevertheless warmly greeted, and he may be considered an acquisition to the vocal strength of this theatre. Miss M. Tree was the *Lucy Bertram*:—the established favorite which Miss Stephens rendered the character, and her delightful singing, was greatly against the attempt of Miss Tree, but she has always so pleasing a manner, that it is wholly impossible to be otherwise than pleased with every thing she undertakes. Mr. Evans was the *Dandie Dinmont*:—there seems to be some dispute with re-

gard to the talent of this gentleman; we had promised to speak further of him, and we have endeavoured with much attention to examine his qualities. The loss of an actor so highly distinguished for peculiar and genuine talent like Emery, is a matter of regret that hangs on the public mind, at least that portion of the public by which he was esteemed, for a considerable period unmoved and unrequited; whatever ability a new aspirant may possess as the successor of such a man, it is likely to be viewed with a natural indifference, and certain degrees of prejudice will arise towards the inferiority of the candidate. Perhaps there could not have been a more awkward time for a debut than that of Mr. Evans; his predecessor was perfect in our memory, we could recall every movement of feature and manner, as though we had seen him the hour before: there are several of the characters sustained by Emery capable of being touched with nearly the same masterly hand, by performers now on the London boards; but a greater number will inevitably disappear, and their native beauties lie buried with the representative—*Robert Tyke, John Moody, Farmer Ashfield, Dandie Dinmont, Fixture, Bernardine, Caliban*, can never be equalled.

Bartley is the only man at present who can approach the nearest to the above cast; his *Farmer Ashfield, Fixture, and Tyke*, would be particularly clever—the characters are weighty—Mr. Bartley has power to give them their value. We witnessed the second and third attempts of Mr. Evans, with feelings of warm interest in his behalf, and on the slightest discovery of talent, knowing with what heavy difficulties he had to contend, we sat down with the determination to give him every encouragement: in so doing, we have to regret that Mr. Evans did not allow us a fitting opportunity. We understand he has been but a short period in the profession, in such a case practice may do much for him; his humour is very forced, and he seems to labour with great fatigue in the scenes where any dependance is placed on him. The part of *Fixture* was lamentably incorrect, Mr. Evans should at least attend to the age and business of the character, if not the power and humour to express that energy which it demands—the energetic and suspicious feeling Emery manifested in speaking of “*Tarleton Races*” was wholly lost in the present representation—in fact there were too many points that he entirely neglected, that we entertain but little hope of his popularity; we should be happy to be disappointed.

“*Venice Preserved*”—A Miss Lacy, from the Theatre Royal, Dublin, made her debut before a British audience in the arduous character of *Belvidera*. A more favorable appearance than that of Miss Chester's on a previous evening, was if possible the result of Miss Lacy's; and from the ability displayed, we have reason to expect she must become a decided favorite. C. Kemble's *Jaffier* has always been allowed to merit commendation; it

retains the full effect. Mr. Abbot played *Pierre*:—this is all very well considering the season to be merely commencing, and principal persons not yet in their places; or really we should have indulged in no very agreeable strain of invective at the idea—Mr. Abbot is a tolerably easy spoken and genteel actor, and if we see him as the sentimental admirer in play, or the sprightly, entertaining beau, at the elbow of every young lady, in farce, we are equally satisfied: but no further, if he wishes to study the good opinion of the public. T. P. Cooke was introduced for the first time on this stage, as *Robin*, in the afterpiece: when we saw it announced, we could have wished a more judicious choice had been made by him, because there are other performers capable of making *Robin* an amusing character, and Mr. T. P. Cooke can do no more; were he to appear in those completely within his cast, he would be inimitable, and secure thereby a line not to be approached.—His *Dirk Hatternick*, *Dougal*, *Gibbet*, are among the number that would be excellently given; however he will be of great worth to the company.



HAY-MARKET.

October 4th, Beggars' Opera, Exchange No Robbery.—5th, Do. Do. Harlequin Hoax, Peter Fin.—7th, Rob Roy, Harlequin Hoax, Family Jars.—8th, Morning, Noon, and Night, Pigeons and Crows.—9th, Beggar's Opera, A Day after the Wedding, Love, Law, and Physic.—10th, Rob Roy, Match Making, Rumsuskin.—11th, Belle's Stratagem, Twelve Precisely, Poor Soldier.—12th, Way to Keep Him, Family Jars.—14th, She Stoops to Conquer, Three Weeks after Marriage, Poor Soldier.—15th, Belle's Stratagem, Lovers Quarrels, X. Y. Z.

This theatre closed its short and successful season on the above evening. The comedy of the "*Belle's Stratagem*" was played with considerable spirit: the *Dorivourt* of Mr. C. Kemble is a delightful performance; his pretended madness told amazingly. Terry, as *Hardy*, was perfectly good humoured, quaint, and entertaining. Mr. Johnson's *Flutter*, was certainly a misconception—as an actor Mr. Johnson is very useful, but we fear he does not study sufficiently to enable his becoming finished in the line he attempts: let him draw the line between a *genteel* man and a gentleman, and he may succeed. Mr. Baker has a good figure, but it forms but a sorry appearance in the man of elegance;—his *Sir George Touchwood* ought to have been much better. Mrs. Chatterley played the *hoydenish* but sensible *Letitia*; we could not wish for a more perfect representation. Mrs. Clifford, during the ensuing recess, we trust will endeavour to effect some progress in improvement;—she has several good requisites.—"*X Y Z*" is an agreeable farce: Liston, as *Neddy Bray*, pleased us heartily.

At the conclusion of the comedy, Mr. T. Dibdin came forward, and spoke the following address.

"Ladies and Gentlemen:

"I am desired by the proprietors to present you with their sincere and grateful acknowledgments, for the very liberal patronage with which you

have honored the season, which terminates with the performances of this evening.

"They beg to assure you, that the long vacation we are doomed to suffer shall be employed in every exertion to render this house and its establishment worthy a continuance of your generous support.

"During our short campaign, we have to thank your indulgence for the complete success of every novelty we have presented; and among the new candidates who have adventured upon these boards, a young lady, whom your discriminate award has raised to the highest rank of musical pretension, will ever have to recollect that her first efforts were encouraged by the friends and patrons of the Haymarket theatre,

"The performers also wish to express their high sense of the kindness you have shown them; and I hope, ladies and gentlemen, it may not be deemed intrusive if I take the liberty of thanking each of them who have, by their zeal, alacrity, and talent, carried into effect every intention of the management.

"In the name of the proprietor, the performers, and most humbly in my own, while taking a grateful leave, I wish you every possible happiness till the return of summer shall renew our hopes to meet, and ardent wishes to merit, the future sunshine of your favor and protection."

ENGLISH OPERA HOUSE.

October 4th, *Gil Blas*, *Fair Gabrielle*, *Gretna Green*, *Love among the Roses*.—5th, *Gil Blas*, *Gretna Green*, *Love among the Roses*.—7th. (extra night, *Mr. Mountain's Benefit*) *Musical Melange*, *Dramatist*, *Highland Reel*.

Saturday evening, the 5th instant, terminated the present season of the English Opera: how far it has been successful the *treasury* only can answer. We are inclinable to believe that a more productive one would not have been wholly objectionable, (i. e.) to the proprietor.

This theatre has certainly the opportunity of rendering itself completely supreme during its summer's career, were the management shaped judiciously and accordingly; it is the only establishment of its kind, (the "English Opera") and adding further the excellency of the situation in the metropolis, how is it really possible to fail?—how can it fail: reasonably because the share of attraction is so trivial and inefficient. We have heard people remark, it is not to be expected that the theatres can flourish, when the scarcity of money is considered: but we treat all such considerations as farcical—let us recur to the nightly crowded houses where there is the least shew of novelty; look at the tremendous crowds that have visited the Haymarket theatre, and all at first price; even look at the present theatre, when entertainment has called for it. Our opinion was given in a prior number of our work, as to the success of appropriate and good performances—we further intimated our opinion in a plain and candid manner (by private intercourse) to the proprietor, and whether he gave attention to its cordiality, or formed similar ideas at the precise moment, we know not; we are satisfied that for the last four weeks, such arrangements as were signified have taken place, and we are equally satisfied that they have obtained their full reward. The excellent, and we would infer, *monied audiences*, that have encouraged novelty and amusing productions, during that period,

may bear ample testimony as to their efficacy: and that where public gratification is *studied*, public patronage and liberality is not far behind.

At the close of the musical olio, Mr. Bartley came forward and addressed the audience as follows:—

“Ladies and gentlemen,

“As the opening of a theatrical season brings with it *hope*, so the close as naturally produces *regret*—we met you only three months ago with buoyant spirits, and we now take our leave with unaffected sorrow.

“For the first time since this theatre was erected we have had a fair, though a limited chance of attracting your notice, by the closing of the patent theatres for thirteen weeks—we have thus been relieved from the oppressive burthen of the extended seasons, of what of late years were absurdly called “the winter theatres.” For this regulation, we, (in common with the Haymarket theatre) have been indebted to the liberal and upright interference of the present Lord Chamberlain, who has condescended to take so enlarged a view of the subject of public amusements, (making the public accommodation his first object) as compels us thus gratefully to acknowledge the weighty obligation his interposition has conferred, also, upon us.

“The proprietor, ladies and gentlemen, proudly feels that the exertions which have been used to excite your notice, and merit your countenance, have, during the short period this theatre has been open, been crowned with as much success as the season of the year, and the remarkable heat of a large portion of a remarkably fine summer, could allow him to hope for. The novelties produced have been uniformly successful, and many of them greatly attractive; and it is with feelings of heartfelt acknowledgment, and sincere regret, that I am now compelled, in his name, in my own, and in that of all the performers, to offer you our respectful good wishes, and to bid you farewell.”



SURREY THEATRE.

This theatre opened for the winter season on Monday the 7th instant, with a new and splendid Melodrame, y’clept “*The Infernal Secret; or, the Invulnerable!*” a pretty long title by the bye to excite the wonder of the gallery. The plot and incidents of this piece are taken from Maturin’s novel of “Melmoth, the Wanderer,” and follow closely the strange original; but as we presume all our readers have not seen that work, we shall therefore endeavour to give them some idea of the story.

Donna Isidora, (Mrs. Pope) having been left a widow, with a child, who is heir to immense possessions, is very naturally anxious to secure for her infant the protection of a father-in-law; and judging from her conduct, not unwilling herself to have a second husband. At the opening of the piece we are told the Donna is betrothed to *Don Alphonso*, (Moreton) and the marriage is about to be celebrated, when an alarm is raised that her child is in danger; all is confusion, in the midst of which comes *Montilla*, (H. Kemble) known only by the name of *The Stranger*, who has rescued the child. The Donna in warm terms expresses her gratitude: Montilla falls violently in love with the widow, and as there are always great attractive powers about these infernal personages, these demi-devils of the drama, Donna Isidora begins to have some strange feeling—not of love, oh no, that would be highly improper—but of respect towards the preserver of her child; but he, tempted by that devil, lust, determines to possess her:—now then we are let into a knowledge of his infernal attributes. *Theodore*, (Blanchard) the faithful Valet of the *Murquis Antaldi*, (Bedford) having discovered the hellish compact entered into between Montilla and the devil, whereby the latter covenants to give the former immortality, on the simple

condition of sacrificing an unstained catholic once in a century. These devils are very unreasonable beings: if they required only the old or ugly, they might very well be spared; but, "woe alas!" none will satisfy their monstrous appetites but the young and lovely. Now as it is exceedingly ungallant to suffer a beautiful woman to be bedevil'd without a struggle, so our dramatists always contrive to have an heroic lover, or a courageous attendant, who with astonishing foresight knows every thing, and very virtuously contravenes the plots of the aforesaid devil and his copartner in iniquity. Through the laudable endeavours of Theodore, Montilla is defeated in all his plans to carry off the Donna: he has recourse however to a gang of Robbers—for consider, gentle reader, what's a melodrama without a banditti—the Robbers (of course) choose Montilla for their leader, and obey in all things his infernal will. Now then comes the *denouement*. The Robbers are attacked and defeated, but as our "*invulnerable*" friend cannot be killed by either sword or pistol, what's to be done?—why fortunately the aforesaid deed of covenant is about to be closed, and as his infernal majesty will not renew the lease without the usual purchase-money, a thunderbolt comes most opportunely to end Montilla and the piece together.

Our readers will perceive by this brief account of the story, that the piece is a *compound fracture* of the Vampyre and the Wood Demon, dovetailed by that dramatic empyric, Mr. J. H. Amherst, *Author and Stage Manager of the Royalty*. But as it is our duty to speak of the acting, we shall begin with the lady. Mrs. Pope, from Bath, displayed great judgment and feeling in the part allotted to her; she has every requisite of person, voice and manner, for a great actress, and we doubt not to see her shortly in her proper sphere, the patent theatres. Bedford and Moreton were both execrable—from such lovers and fathers, "good Burroughs deliver us." Of H. Kemble it is only necessary to say he performed in his usual style of good acting, and was all that could be wished of such a character. Blanchard, as *Theodore*, and J. Knight, as *Figaro*, were very amusing. Gale, in the little part of *Stiletto*, exhibited some pretensions to talent: we recommend this young man to assiduously apply himself to study, and he will in time reap the fruits of his perseverance.

The scenery is uncommonly good: the new stud of horses performed their evolutions with great fidelity and truth: and the whole piece is got up in a style highly creditable to Mr. Burroughs' acknowledged taste.

Before we conclude, we should wish to say a word or two to those who manage the stage lamps. The evening we were present the stench and smoke were horrible: we earnestly recommend these *illuminati* to be a little more attentive to their duties, as we are not at all desirous of being *fog-bound*.



WEST LONDON.

Mr. Loveday, of Drury Lane Theatre, Miss Holdaway, and Miss L. Brunton, have strengthened the dramatic corps at this elegant and amusing establishment. The increasing activity of Mr. Brunton in the service of the public, and of their amusement, entitles him to every encouragement and support; indeed he may feel satisfied of their discernment by the nightly reward of crowd-

ed houses. The melodrama of "*The Anaconda*" still continues its interesting attraction—the mechanical operations of the serpent, are the best we ever beheld. "*Rochester*" is got up with an excellent cast—Brunton reminds us so closely of Elliston, but still original, that we are at odds which to give the preference; they are both excellent—Hooper played "*Buckingham*" with considerable eclat, he has many advantages in his favor, and might with due attention become a superior actor—a more useful performer than Mr. Dobbs is not in the establishment; his comic humour is effective and very laughable in every thing he undertakes. Miss Brunton represented the *Countess of Lovelagh*: the more frequent we witness her performances, the greater is our admiration.

"She plays so nat'rally, so unperplex'd,
That it is but just to say—she represents
Genius in ev'ry action."

THE KALEIDOSCOPE.

George Colman has promised to produce a play at Drury Lane theatre, during the season, the heroine of which is to be Miss Clara Fisher. A play from Reynolds is to be one of the very first novelties at the same theatre.

Mr. Keen performed the part of *Richard* to a crowded audience in Dundee on Wednesday the 9th inst.. He was to perform the three following nights.

Dr. Young was once on a party of pleasure with a few ladies, going up by water to Vauxhall, and he amused them with a tune on the German flute. Behind him several officers were also in a boat, rowing for the same place, and soon came alongside the boat in which were the doctor and his party. The doctor, who was never conceited of his playing, put up his flute on their approach. One of the officers instantly asked why he ceased to play, and put up his flute? "For the same reason," said he, "that I took it out—to please myself." The son of Mars very peremptorily rejoined—"That if he did not instantly take out his flute, and continue his music, he would throw him into the Thames." The doctor, in order to allay the fears of the ladies, pocketed the insult, and continued to play all the way up the river.

During the evening, however, he observed the officer by himself in one of the walks, and making up to him, said, with great coolness, "It was, sir, to avoid interrupting the harmony either of my company or yours, that I complied with your arrogant demand; but that you may be satisfied courage may be found under a black coat as well as under a red one, I expect that you will meet me to-morrow morning, without any second, the quarrel being entirely *entre nous*." The doctor further covenanted, that the affair should be decided with swords. To all these conditions the officer assented.

The duellists met; but the moment the officer took the ground, the doctor pulled out a horse pistol. "What!" said the officer, "do you mean to assassinate me?"—"No," replied the doctor, "but you shall instantly put up your sword and dance a minuet, otherwise you are a dead man." The officer began to bluster, but the doctor was resolute, and he was obliged to comply. "Now," said Young, "you forced me to play against my will, and I have made you dance against yours; we are therefore again on a level; and, whatever other satisfaction you may require, I am ready to give it." The officer, convinced of the impropriety of his conduct, immediately begged his antagonist's pardon, and they afterwards lived on very friendly terms.

A man carrying a cradle was stopped by an old woman, and thus accosted: "So, sir, you have got some of the fruits of matrimony." "Softly, softly, old lady," said he, "you mistake, this is merely the fruit-basket."

Lowndes, Printer, Marquis Court, Drury Lane.





Drawn & Eng.^d by J. Findlay.

MR. ELLISTON AS MERCUTIO,
in Romeo and Juliet.